A REAL GEM.—We give the following exquisite passages from a forthcoming drama. They speak directly to the heart, and we envy not the bosom beneath which an answering chord will not vibrate:

[*Extracts from an unpublished Drama.*]

GUARDIANSHIP.

BY E. F. ELLET.

* * To guard thee, my sweet child! To watch o'er thee
As angels watch! To look within the depths
Of thy true nature, where a thousand treasures
Gleam like bright gems beneath the lucid wave,
And bring their wealth to light! To plant the seed
In that fair garden for perennial bloom!
To build a masonry of marble strength
To shield thee from the storms of life; draw off
The lightning from the tempest-laden cloud,
And be the Typhon's sacrifice, that shaft
May never pierce to joy of thine! To be
The seaward mole that fronts the breaking surge,
And to the sheltered nook it guards for thee
Lets o'er no wave in drowning!

And but Heaven
In such a bundle bound all blessings up,
To Heaven alone I had resigned the trust.
But now, the hand that gave, resumes the gift,
Nor leaves me even nature's right to mourn!

DEPARTURE.

* * Not thus—I pray—not thus! Oh give me but
A breathing space! I know we soon must part;
I know this heart must quit its hold on life;
But pluck it not abruptly thus away!
Snatch not at once from me the light wherewith
My radiant sun goes down in hopeless gloom!
Night comes not at one stride upon the day;
The mild death-angel folds his icy wing
Till one by one the lamps of life are quenched;
Thus let me lose thee; thus, by slow degrees,
Miss the dear magic of thy voice, the joy
That thrills me in thy presence—till the grief
Of that wronged, wild and sentient thing, the heart,
Be medicined into sleep.

Beautiful Extract.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem, upon the rain drops that refreshed the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber, upon every panelled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon these he has written, "*none of us liveth to himself.*" And if we are wise enough to understand these works, we shall find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes, which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature.

We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree which bears fruit the most rich and abundant, the star that is the most useful in the heavens we admire the most. It is not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flowers to the spangled heavens all minister, should live for the noble end of living, not for himself, but others.

Marriage.

The man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife—and while American women continue to be what, thank heaven they are, he is likely to do so; but when a woman is married for the sake of fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at least a scoundrel. * * To set about seeking a wife is like seeking one's fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest is less, though poor enough, heaven knows, in both cases. * * The man who gets in love because he is determined to marry, instead of marrying because he is in love, goes about to private parties and to public places in search of a wife; and there he is attracted by a woman's appearance, and the figure which she makes in public, not by her amiable deportment, her domestic qualities and her good report. Watering places might with equal propriety be called fishing places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey, the elder for their daughters, the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport for the fair Piscatrix is more likely to catch a bonito, or a sheep-head, than she is to be caught by a shark.

Kindness.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,
Have their own seasons. Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels. [*Tuftscurd.*

Gallantry.

Irishmen are proverbial for their off hand gallantry. Yankees we believe are equal to the best of them. A case in point:—Recently that city came to our city, on a visit, a verdant youth direct from snow clad Green Mountain dom. His city connections are of some importance, and it was not long ere he had an invitation to an upper ten party. Dressed in his "Sunday go-to-meetins," he was ushered into the parlor at an early hour. Among the company was a very pretty and quite bewitching Miss, to whom the youth paid his special devoirs. She is *quite petite*—he fully a "six footer." When the company was invited from the parlor to partake of refreshments, the tall youth waited on the pretty, *petite* Miss. They took a position back of the table, where the crowd was large and room scarce. The youth invited his partner to step on a stair which led out into another apartment. "Oh, no!" she returned, "*I should be too far above you.*" "Not at all," he replied, casting a significant glance at her; "you are a *little lower than the angels.*"

Ingenuity of the Germans.

The following are some of the inventions which have originated in Germany:

A. D.	
850	Saw Mills,
898	Sun dials,
999	Fulling Mills,
1070	Tillage of Hops,
1100	Wind Mills
	Oil painting,
1270	Spectacles,
1360	Paper of linen rags,
1342	Organs,
1318	Gunpowder,
	Cannons,
1350	Wire making,
1360	Hats,
1370	Pins,
1380	Grist Mills,
1423	Wood Engravings,
1436	Printing.
1439	Printing Presses,
1444	Copperplate Engravings,
1450	Printing ink,
1452	Cast type,
1497	Chiming of bells,
1500	Watches,
	Etching,
	Letter posts or mails,
	Bolting apparatus,
1527	Gun locks,
1535	Spinning Wheels,
1540	Almanacs,
	Stoves,
	Sealing wax,
1590	Telescopes,
1638	Thermometers,
1643	Mezzotint Engravings,
1650	Air pumps,
1651	Electric machines,
1655	Pendulum clocks,
1690	Clarionet,
1706	White China Ware,
1707	Prussian blue,
1709	Stereotyping,
1715	Mercurial thermometer,
1717	Piano Forts,
1736	Solar microscope,
1753	The Gamut,
1766	Lithography

Besides these, there are several German inventions, of which we cannot ascertain the date—such as door latches, the modern screw auger, and gimlet, the cradle for harvesting, &c. Surely a nation which has made such contributions to the interests of literature and the arts, must occupy a high rank in intellect and ingenuity. Germany may truly be called the brain of the world.

The Morning Post.

J. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:
MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1849.

Democratic State Convention:

☞ An adjourned meeting of the Committee to make arrangements for the Democratic State Convention, will be held at the office of the *Morning Post*, this evening, at 8 o'clock. Punctual attendance is requested.

The following gentlemen constitute the Committee, viz: John B. Guthrie, John Birmingham, John Coyle, Lecky Harper, Alex. Black, Jacob McCollister, J. R. McClintock, E. D. Gazzam, and H. S. Magraw. By order. JOHN B. GUTHRIE,
Chairman.

Candidates for Nomination.

We publish below, for the information of our Democratic friends, the names of those who have been mentioned for the various offices, to be filled in Allegheny county this fall, as far as we have heard:

REPRESENTATIVES:

Dr. Jonas R. M'Clintock, Peebles.
L. B. Patterson, Mifflin.
Jacob M'Collister, City.
Daniel Wearts, "
Major Black, Upper St. Clair.
John Rea, City.
Thomas Moffitt, Allegheny.
J. Turbett, Snowden.
Joseph Cooper, Moon.
Jacob Whitesell, Pine.

SHERIFF:

William Kerr, Upper St. Clair.
Jonathan Large, Jefferson.
Elijah Trovillo, City.
J. Salsbury, Birmingham.

COMMISSIONER:

James Wallace, Baldwin.
Joseph O'Brien, Manchester.
James Gray, 4th street.
James Barr, Birmingham.
John M'Claren, Indiana.

PROTHONOTARY:

James A. Gibson, Pine.
Benjamin Wilson, Elizabeth.

TREASURER:

John C. Davitt, City.

CORONER:

Lenox Rea, City.
J. W. Buhoup, Allegheny.

Dr. J. R. McClintock.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following communication, recommending our friend Dr. JONAS R. MCCLINTOCK, to the favorable consideration of the Democratic County Convention, as a candidate for the Legislature. A purer and better Democrat cannot be found in the country, and his unquestioned popularity, would secure for him, if nominated, the cordial support of the people:

MR. HARPER:—I have observed, in your excellent paper, a number of communications, recommending various worthy Democrats as candidates for the Legislature. Permit an old Jackson Democratic Republican, to add to the list, the name of our mutual friend Dr. J. R. MCCLINTOCK, of Peebles township. I do not think it necessary to eulogize the Doctor, or set forth his claims and merits at length. The mere mention of his name, in connection with the Assembly, will be sufficient to ensure his nomination; and if nominated, I do not entertain a single doubt of his triumphant election.
VETO.

Col. Samuel W. Black.

A correspondent of the Hollidaysburgh Standard, who signs himself "A Pennsylvania Volunteer," nominates our excellent friend Col. S. W. BLACK, of this city, as the Democratic candidate for Governor, at the next Gubernatorial election in Pennsylvania. The following is the communication alluded to:

For the Standard.

A Nomination—Who Seconds it?

MR. EDITOR:—Though it may be premature, and to many seem out of order at this time—notwithstanding, I, one of the masses—and a democratic boy—of the old Keystone State, hereby "solitary and alone," offer COL. SAMUEL W. BLACK, of Allegheny, to the consideration of the people as a candidate for Governor, at the election for Governor in our State. I will not at this time go into an enumeration of the Colonel's merits, or my reasons for making such a move at this time; but suffice it to say, that he has been long enough before the bone and sinew of our country, and identified as a "one of them." In the late contest with Mexico he very emphatically told the enemies of his country who and what he was, and if a candidate in the next gubernatorial contest, he will convince the allies of Mexico in this State, as thoroughly as he did Santa Anna at the siege of Puebla, *that he is not to be beat ten.*
A PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER.

For the Morning Post.

Dr. Bird's Cholera Cure.

MR. HARPER:—

Your paper of Saturday morning contains an account of the late remarkable discovery of Dr. Bird of Chicago, of a remedy for Cholera. The reputation of Dr. B. needs no further endorsement from the hands of an acquaintance who knows him well, as his discovery comes before the public with scientific explanations *for* the remarkable results, fully endorsed by names not unknown to fame. Still, the following testimonial from a gentleman in Chicago, written to a friend in this city, will serve to show how the remedy is regarded there, and may prove of interest to your readers:

"The Cholera of late is considered of no more consequence than the measles, chicken-pox, &c. Dr. Bird has discovered a remedy that has proved successful in a number of cases in different stages of the disease, and some of them really desperate. The remedies are nothing more or less than *pills made of Sulphuret of Charcoal.* The Doctor gives it to the world for the benefit of suffering humanity, and claims no reward but the credit of the discovery."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We shall present to our readers to-morrow, an article from a scientific gentleman of this city, on *Ozone*, which Dr. Bird alleges to be the Cholera poison. The substance has but recently been discovered, and is evolved by electricity. The name is printed "Azone" in the Gazette, and some medical men supposed it to be azote, or nitrogen. *Ozone* is derived from a Greek word, which signifies, to smell, from the peculiar odor of the poison. If it combines with sulphur, as Dr. Bird states, then it is at once accounted for why Pittsburgh has not been visited with the Cholera; and it affords us the cheering hope that our sulphurous atmosphere is a protection against that terrible disease, which is filling the grave-yards of the cities around us.

Fayette County Nominations.

The Democracy of Fayette county held an elections on the 22d of June, for the purpose of nominating a ticket to be supported in October. The return judges met at Brownstown, on the 4th inst., and upon counting the ballots, announced the following result:

Assembly.—James P. Downer, Joseph E. Griffin.
Treasurer.—Nathaniel Mitchell.
Commissioner.—Jacob Hildeman.
Auditor.—David Doy Armon.
Poor House Director.—Everhart Bierer.

Of the success of this ticket by a large majority there is no manner of doubt.

From the Uniontown Genius of Liberty.

County Convention.

In pursuance of the call of the Central Committee, the Return Judges and Central Committee men, elected in the several townships, met at the Court house, in Uniontown, on the 4th day of June. On motion, JOHN FULLER was called to the Chair; and the Hon. ELI ADAMS and DAVID WAKEFIELD chosen Secretaries of the Convention.

After the examination and report upon the returns from the different townships; on motion, of John L. Dawson, Esq., Dr. SMITH FULLER and Col. C. B. SNYDER, were elected Delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Pittsburgh, on the 4th of July next. William Y. Roberts, Esq., George Whiting, and W. M. Irwin, Esq., were also appointed Conferees, to meet with the Conferees from Greene county, for the purpose of choosing a Senatorial delegate; and were instructed to vote for Dr. John Patrick. On motion,

Resolved, That the Delegates to the State Convention, be instructed to support the nomination of JOHN A. GAMBLE for the office of Canal Commissioner.

The Latest Humbug of the Day!

Our citizens all remember *Doctor* John F. Braddee, the great mail robber, who was tried in this city, found guilty and sent to the Penitentiary, and there died. He practiced as a physician in Uniontown, Pa., and succeeded in securing an immense number of patients. He was a consumate quack—a very ignorant and illiterate specimen of humanity. It was proven on the trial that he could not write his own name. He pretended to cure every ill to which human flesh is subject, and amongst other things professed to cure the Cholera. His "Extract of Lightning," "El Roy," &c., about which so much genuine humor was indulged in at the trial, were discovered to be nothing but *Brandy!* It seems now, however, that some Yankee speculators are determined to carry out the villainous imposture of Braddee, and humbug the people, by selling "Cholera Medicine," prepared from a recipe, said to have been "procured from the mother-in-law of the *deceased* Dr. Braddee, *at great expense!*" The following, which we find in the Louisville Courier, we presume is taken from a Uniontown paper:

[From the original recipes of the late Dr. Jno. F. Braddee.]

CHOLERA MEDICINE.—The recipes for this valuable medicine has been procured from the mother-in-law of the deceased Dr. Braddee, at great expense. The many cases in which it has proved entirely successful during the contagion of 1832, as well as of the present, induces us to put it in the hands of the people, feeling an entire confidence in its merits. We here give an extract of a letter received from Mr. Hackey, a California emigrant, to the editor of the Pennsylvania Democrat; as also an editorial notice from the same paper, which shows the astonishing effects of this valuable medicine.

"We publish to day, an interesting letter from one of our California boys. The writer mentions that some eighteen persons were cured of cholera while passing up the Missouri, on board the steamboat, by the use of Dr. Braddee's Cholera Medicine. The Doctor, in his prosperous days vended some remarkable medicines, to which he assigned curious names. We remember one he called the "Vomitypurgaty," others "The Extract of Lightning," "El Roy," "Indian Gumfolls," &c. There was one kind that he directed to be taken by the patient till it produced "a hot perspiration of heat!" This perhaps is the cholera medicine, or "The Extract of Lightning."

"We understand that Mrs. *Collins*, the mother-in law of the late Dr. Braddee, who lives some two miles from this place, has the receipt for making the medicine mentioned by Mr. Hackey—and if it be as infallible remedy for cholera, as it would seem to be, from the testimony of Mr. H.—no matter what it is made of, whether it be *thunder* or *lightning*, or anything else, if it will cure this awful malady it should be in the hands of the afflicted.

"We have got this far without sickness or accident to murder or injure property—but the boat that Mr. Hellen and myself came from St. Louis to Independence on, had some 20 cases of cholera aboard. There were two physicians on board, but they could not render any aid to the sick, but Nowel Hellen had some of old Pennellyr or Braddee's medicine along, which he gave to them and cured them almost immediately. There were two cases however, that did not take the medicine, and both of them died."

We do not deem it necessary to give further certificates, as we feel assured that if the Medicine is taken properly, it will afford immediate relief.

All orders addressed to SKILES & SHAW, Druggists, Brownsville, Fayette co. Pa., accompanied with cash, will receive prompt attention.

Terms: $5,00 per bottle, or $40,00 per doz.

As a matter of course, (adds the Courier,) this enterprising old robber, this specimen of depravity, whose faculties were steeped and dyed in ignorance, was the very man to invent nostrums. The man who was able to out do Pomeibus and make an extract of lightning was just the man for a pestilence, and for off spring of a Californian emigrant is the very thing for gulls. How rich in contrast are the two cases who did not take the medicine and died," as a matter of course! How gingerly Messrs. Skiles & Shaw talk of the deceased Braddee!—How tenderly they veil over the fact that his life terminated in a penitentiary for robbing.

If, however, the remedies of the deceased Braddee should, by any chance, fail, our friend of the New York *Tribune* offers something infallible in the editorial column of his paper. He says:

CHOLERA AMULET.—Dr. Scollcotaxicon Feetchewanger, has made up an amulet, which if worn upon the person, he asserts is a certain preventative against cholera. The powder contained in the Amulet, if taken internally, is also a preventative.—However, this may be, the Dr. is bane for cockroaches, we can certify, is certain death to those pestiferous vermin.

This is a revival of the old doctrine of "signatures" and we suppose this Dr. "Twanger uses his awful name for the amulet. But it may be an attempt to slip some of the mysteries of Pounds'm into the brain, and they are considered, by some, a worse disease than cholera. The malady is more incurable, that is certain.

☞ If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution (the United States bank,) which spans the entire length of our empire. If I had been venal I should have sold myself to its designs; had I preferred personal ease, to the performance of my arduous duty, I should cease to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to allure me from the path of duty; and now, I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence the career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decayed frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes. The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to Him, to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men and live respected and honored in the history of my country. No, the ambition which leads me on, is an anxious desire, and fixed determination to return to the people, unimpaired, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge—to heal the wounds of the constitution, and to preserve it from further violation; to provide my countrymen so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratic establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protected; but in a plain system, void of pomp, proscribing old robbery, the spoils to none; dispensing its blessings like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. [ANDREW JACKSON.

For the Morning Post.

MR. EDITOR:—The Whig Convention having met and put in nomination, persons to fill the various county offices, and also to represent this county in the next Legislature; it now behooves the Democracy to name a like number of persons, to be supported by the party for the same offices. In nominating their candidates, they should be careful to select such persons as would represent fairly and honestly, all classes of the community, and not the interest of one to the injury of another; persons that know the wants of the people, and will apply the proper remedy to correct the evil. It is not my object to name persons for all the offices in the county, but simply one, that I consider suitable to represent the city of Pittsburgh in the next General Assembly.

Without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the gentlemen already named, in connection with the office of representative, I would present the name of MAJOR DANIEL WEARTS, as one, in every way qualified to fill that exalted station. Mr. Wearts has been long known in this community, as an honest hard working mechanic, and as a warm and consistent Democrat, and one that has contributed no little to the honor and success of the party in this State. He has already worked as a private in the ranks; seldom, if ever asking for office. His nomination by the Democratic convention would be warmly seconded by all who know him, and by none more so than by A WORKINGMAN.

MR. HARPER:—You will please announce the name, of JOHN C. DAVITT, Esq., as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.
MANY DEMOCRATS of the Sixth Ward.

A willow is growing up in the Washington Navy yard, which was brought from the tomb of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

EDITORIAL VARIETY.

☞ The Westchester Republican suggests the name of Samuel Holman, of Harrisburgh, as a suitable candidate for Canal Commissioner.

☞ The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette, of the 25th ult. says: "The Cholera has made its appearance among several of the Indian tribes on the opposite side of the river, and a large number have died. It is said to be raging to an alarming extent among some of the tribes. Several have also died with Small Pox."

☞ The Frontier Journal, published at Weston, Mo. says: We have been without a Postmaster at this place for some two months. We wish that the administration would fill the vacancy pretty soon, if it is with nothing but a 'Taylor man.'

☞ In Fairfield, S. C. a colored slave named Julius, had been kindly reared by his mistress, Mrs. Martha T. Hudson. His devotion to her was without bounds. Recently, Mrs. Hudson died, whereupon Julius, overwhelmed with grief, seized a pistol and shot himself through the head.

☞ It appears that the population of France amounts to 35,950,000 inhabitants.—Of this number, 2,412,000 live exclusively upon public charity; in addition to which—7,884,600 are inscribed upon the poor lists.

☞ John W. Crafts, who has been on trial for some time, before the United States District Court at Boston, charged with attempting to defraud Insurance Companies, by conspiring with others, to destroy ship Franklins was acquitted on Tuesday morning. The jury were out nine hours.

☞ Robert Walsh, Esq., our Consul in Paris, is said to be preparing a work on France and the French, which will embrace a history of the late revolution—of which he was a witness—and sketches of the most prominent characters therein. His work, being written in France, will be more interesting and reliable.

A magnificent Odd Fellows' procession took place on Monday last in New York, on the occasion of the consecration of the Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre streets. There were upwards of 6000 persons in the line. Several original odes, written expressly for the occasion, and an address by C. Edward Leater were delivered. A great fete also came off in the evening, which was numerously attended.

There is a Good Time Coming.

THE THREE GREAT EVENTS IN EUROPE.—Three great events claim, at the present moment, our chief attention—the advance of the Russian troops into Hungary, the approach of a French army to Rome, and lastly, the conference of the various contest between all the existing governments of Germany, and large masses of the people already pledged to risk everything in defence of national unity and Democratic institutions. We believe that, in this country, these events are unanimously regarded, by men of all parties, with serious apprehensions, and sincere regret. They bode no good to Europe, or to the times we live in. They menace the world with a conflict of extreme parties. But, as the tempest blackens, day by day, it is impossible to deny that the chances of any rational compromise or adjustment of these differences diminish, and they are left more and more to the arbitration of the sword. Yet, even when this conflict has been fought and won, the victories are not changed much in this respect.

But, Sunday came. About noon I was delighted to hear the blast of the horn. In a little while I was a board the packet, and away as swiftly as three horses could drag it. Once more I felt relieved, and wondered why I had fretted so much. From Beaver to Warren the scenery is picturesque and beautiful. But who is there in the country round that has not traveled the route? I need not attempt to describe anything. Nothing occurred to break the dull monotony of the journey—except the sudden loss of a good an appetite as ever blessed mortal man. The cause of the affliction was the accidental overhearing of a conversation between the steward and the cook. The latter was a lady, to all intents and purposes. But had she kept her thoughts to herself, I should have enjoyed myself much better. Had I had the "unbounded stomach" of Cardinal Wolsey, its power would have been baffled under the circumstances. But enough of this.

Safely arrived at Warren—that thriving and beautiful town—I found a private conveyance in waiting. No time was to be lost. In 1 bounded and away went the horses in a stage trot. The morning (yesterday Monday) passed pleasantly enough. But the afternoon brought a *storm*. Such a storm as I will not attempt to describe again from a window; but, I certainly have no desire to *endure* its rage upon my back again. We (my two companions and myself) were moving along the Yankee roads of the Reserve, anxious to get home, and "so feeling full" at the thoughts of making the haven before sunset. Clouds began to appear over-head. The atmosphere became cool; and a gentle breeze started up, which was not unwelcome. At first we concluded to push on, for the appearances indicated nothing more than a summer shower. For a furlong or two the rain but pattered lightly upon us. But with time it gained strength. Two monstrous clouds met in our zenith and broke; and then

"Descended a deluge of sonorous hail
And prone descending rain." Wide rent, the cloud
Poured a whole flood," &c.

No house appeared very near; onward we rushed for protection to a tavern that was no help. In a half hour we found refuge in a barn. It gave delight to the worthy farmer that he could help us. His wife and boys did the best they knew how—and how to put in a big fire they seemed to have made the business their constant part of their study. Such a blaze as greeted us as we entered the kitchen would have roused every fireman in the Smoky City. I thought of Capt. Magill and his company, as I looked upon the crackling timbers on the hearth. The old gentleman was very talkative, and seemed to have an idea. "I arrived in this country forty years ago—a great change has taken place since then," said he, when we first drove into the barn. "Forty years ago I arrived in these parts; it was all woods then; but now things are changed," said he, when he got us seated in the kitchen. We believed him, for he possessed all the characteristics of an Ohio Pioneer. The storm abated, of course, after we got out of its way. After "starting spell," we prepared to start. Feeling that some testimonial of respect was due, I presented the old gentleman with a book on Farming, which I chanced to have. He took it with a look—such as plainly said "You can't teach me anything from books." To one of the boys I gave "a late publication"—one of those in brown covers. "Is this a novel, sir?" said he with great earnestness. "It is." "Then take it back; I don't read novels;" he pushed it into my face from him as though he feared there lurked between its pages some terrible disease. "Who told you you should not read novels? My mother and the preacher." "Well, keep the book; put it away; and when you grow older you may change your opinion." He said no more and took the book. Preachers and parents do well to warn the young against the literary trash that is thrown before them; but why they should not be taught to discriminate between works of real merit and those of a demoralizing tendency seems strange. The book I offered the boy was one of Miss Bremer's, an authoress who never uttered an impure thought; who never published a work that might not be read and studied with profit by people of all conditions. * * * *

I am at home. Farewell for the present. Ex-LOCAL.

☞ The New Hampshire *Patriot* gives a specimen of the justice of Federalism, by showing how the Congressional districts are divided in that State. In the first district, the whig majority is 285; in the second, the democratic majority is 3003; in the third, the whig majority is 376; in the fourth district, the democratic majority is 1993. The democrats have 4334 more votes in the four districts, than all other parties; and yet by means of a Federal Legislature, the Congressional districts are equally divided!—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ A Federal paper thinks it a shame that we should import from England iron rails to lay upon any of our roads in Pennsylvania, whilst we have such inexhaustible stores of iron and coal within our borders. It is easy to talk plausible nonsense which a word will expose. Great Britain purchased last year, over $70,000,000 worth of the agricultural products of our country. Can she continue to be such a customer, if we take nothing but money of her in return? If we by high protective tariffs exclude her fabrics, though our manufactures may flourish, will it not be at the expense of our farmers!—*Pennsylvanian.*

DIED!

On yesterday evening, at 7 o'clock, of Cholera, Mrs. MARY BAILEY, wife of John P. Glass, in the 20th year of her age.

Her friends and those of her family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral this morning, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, on Wylie street, near Washington.

☞ SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES—A few bbls., St. James Refinery, a first rate article, for sale by WM. DYER
jel1

Wayside Penetlings, by our Local.

MADISON, (Lake county,) June 3, 1849.

DEAR POST:—Were it possible, I would write something that would amuse your list of readers; but in my present locality all is quiet. I promised to "correspond," and hence I sit down with my pen and paper.

A long time ago, Manager Porter, while "gagging" in a farce, made something like this: "I am going on a long journey—to Beaver." The "house laughed." But not a man would have laughed had he been in my predicament on arriving at that interesting village. I left Pittsburgh on Saturday, under the impression that the packets left for Warren every day, Sundays excepted. How indescribable were my feelings, when, on arriving, I was told that the "Warren packet was in the dock." There I was, hopeless, cheerless. Some said I could go on Monday: but others, less cruel, assured me that on Sunday the packet would be out. Whom should I believe? But wait I must. So I took lodgings at that very excellent hotel, the *Pavilion*, kept by Mr. Bean, formerly of Pittsburgh National. My cage of canaries were put upon the mantel-piece of the Bar-room. They chirped a whole book of lamentations, for they too seemed unhappy in the delay.—But they were no doubt comforted in the fact that they seemed to be the observed of all observers. To pass the time, I went to see Denlinger Conn, of the Star; they were both up to their knees in work. The office is new, in a flourishing condition, and richly deserves to be, for the editors make a fine paper—honest and radical; while, personally, they are both esteemed clever in the highest sense. I saw abundant evidences of the truth of the report that "Beaver is a great place—for *fish*." Several Pittsburgh parties were in this neighborhood, with all the necessary fixings for a campaign. It happened that some were my personal friends, so that I found no material for pastime, fishing, among the aspiring Waltons.

To sit in a tavern and hear conversations on such subjects as horses, oats, hay, and steamboats, fails to afford me amusement; but many seem to enjoy such literature. A village tavern, be it ever so genteel, is more remarkable for sameness than any other kind of establishment. And who ever visited one without seeing there "*the bloat.*" The bloat is a worthless, witty fellow, who sleeps in the stable, eats anything that his stomach will not reject, drinks raw whiskey and would not thank you for a higher liquor. He does just such jobs as the proper inmates of the house refuse to do, and is a favorite with all—keepers, boarders, travellers. He is especially fond of the Bar-tender. Old George, of the Pavilion, is one of them truly. For lack of better entertainment I watched him.

Thieves, music-grinders, and petty speculators of all descriptions visit Beaver. Among other odds and ends of this kind, a "pennee-boy" was offered me, made from the timber of the ship Constitution! I doubted the truth of this representation, from the fact, within my own knowledge, that all the timber of that renowned vessel was manufactured into canes, which were distributed in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. For certain it is, there are canes enough in existence, purporting to be from the Constitution, to build a vessel of great tonnage. Just so with the Wm. Penn tree. There are more snuff-boxes, snuff boxes, canes, &c., &c., from the wood of this Treaty tree, than would be required to build half a dozen of the same size. The Hawthorn immortalized in Goldsmith's immortal poem, the Deserted Village, was, we are told, treated in the same manner by poetic pilgrims to Lissoy. Articles to suit the fancy of the virtuosi were made from its wood; and many a petty fraud was practised in its name. So the virtues are not changed much in this respect.

But, Sunday came. About noon I was delighted to hear the blast of the horn. In a little while I was a board the packet, and away as swiftly as three horses could drag it. Once more I felt relieved, and wondered why I had fretted so much. From Beaver to Warren the scenery is picturesque and beautiful. But who is there in the country round that has not traveled the route? I need not attempt to describe anything. Nothing occurred to break the dull monotony of the journey—except the sudden loss of as good an appetite as ever blessed mortal man. The cause of the affliction was the accidental overhearing of a conversation between the steward and the cook. The latter was a lady, to all intents and purposes. But had she kept her thoughts to herself, I should have enjoyed myself much better. Had I had the "unbounded stomach" of Cardinal Wolsey, its power would have been baffled under the circumstances. But enough of this.

Safely arrived at Warren—that thriving and beautiful town—I found a private conveyance in waiting. No time was to be lost. In 1 bounded and away went the horses in a stage trot. The morning (yesterday Monday) passed pleasantly enough. But the afternoon brought a *storm*. Such a storm as I will not attempt to describe again from a window; but, I certainly have no desire to *endure* its rage upon my back again. We (my two companions and myself) were moving along the Yankee roads of the Reserve, anxious to get home, and "so feeling full" at the thoughts of making the haven before sunset. Clouds began to appear over-head. The atmosphere became cool; and a gentle breeze started up, which was not unwelcome. At first we concluded to push on, for the appearances indicated nothing more than a summer shower. For a furlong or two the rain but pattered lightly upon us. But with time it gained strength. Two monstrous clouds met in our zenith and broke; and then

"Descended a deluge of sonorous hail
And prone descending rain." Wide rent, the cloud
Poured a whole flood," &c.

No house appeared very near; onward we rushed for protection to a tavern that was no help. In a half hour we found refuge in a barn. It gave delight to the worthy farmer that he could help us. His wife and boys did the best they knew how—and how to put in a big fire they seemed to have made the business their constant part of their study. Such a blaze as greeted us as we entered the kitchen would have roused every fireman in the Smoky City. I thought of Capt. Magill and his company, as I looked upon the crackling timbers on the hearth. The old gentleman was very talkative, and seemed to have an idea. "I arrived in this country forty years ago—a great change has taken place since then," said he, when we first drove into the barn. "Forty years ago I arrived in these parts; it was all woods then; but now things are changed," said he, when he got us seated in the kitchen. We believed him, for he possessed all the characteristics of an Ohio Pioneer. The storm abated, of course, after we got out of its way. After "starting spell," we prepared to start. Feeling that some testimonial of respect was due, I presented the old gentleman with a book on Farming, which I chanced to have. He took it with a look—such as plainly said "You can't teach me anything from books." To one of the boys I gave "a late publication"—one of those in brown covers. "Is this a novel, sir?" said he with great earnestness. "It is." "Then take it back; I don't read novels;" he pushed it into my face from him as though he feared there lurked between its pages some terrible disease. "Who told you you should not read novels? My mother and the preacher." "Well, keep the book; put it away; and when you grow older you may change your opinion." He said no more and took the book. Preachers and parents do well to warn the young against the literary trash that is thrown before them; but why they should not be taught to discriminate between works of real merit and those of a demoralizing tendency seems strange. The book I offered the boy was one of Miss Bremer's, an authoress who never uttered an impure thought; who never published a work that might not be read and studied with profit by people of all conditions. * * * *

I am at home. Farewell for the present. Ex-LOCAL.

☞ The New Hampshire *Patriot* gives a specimen of the justice of Federalism, by showing how the Congressional districts are divided in that State. In the first district, the whig majority is 285; in the second, the democratic majority is 3003; in the third, the whig majority is 376; in the fourth district, the democratic majority is 1993. The democrats have 4334 more votes in the four districts, than all other parties; and yet by means of a Federal Legislature, the Congressional districts are equally divided!—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ A Federal paper thinks it a shame that we should import from England iron rails to lay upon any of our roads in Pennsylvania, whilst we have such inexhaustible stores of iron and coal within our borders. It is easy to talk plausible nonsense which a word will expose. Great Britain purchased last year, over $70,000,000 worth of the agricultural products of our country. Can she continue to be such a customer, if we take nothing but money of her in return? If we by high protective tariffs exclude her fabrics, though our manufactures may flourish, will it not be at the expense of our farmers!—*Pennsylvanian.*

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette, May 25th.

From the Emigrants.

From Mr. Gilmore, a citizen of this county who returned from the plains on Wednesday last we gather a few items of intelligence from the emigrants. Mr. G. was out 140 miles, and left on his way to California, but for reasons best known to himself concluded to abandon the trip. A large number of wagons were in advance of him, and on his return to this place he met 1,125 wagons. He states that much dissatisfaction exists among the emigrants, owing to the great crowd of wagons on the plains, it being a matter of impossibility for all to get along peaceably. A large number of emigrants had died with the Cholera, and disease was still among them. In one encampment over night eight persons died. A number of companies have partially broken up, a portion of the members becoming tired of the expedition and anxious to return to their families. Such a course they think is justified by Polk, Taylor and a love of life. From what Mr. Gilmore could learn on his return, he thinks upwards of two hundred emigrants must have died on the plains—and sickness still among them.

Mr. G. remained a few hours with the pack mule company from this place. A few of the members had been sick, and a young man of the name of Samuel Wilson, formerly a resident of this place, died of the Cholera. Mr. Wilson we believe, has a brother residing in Oregon, Holt county, Mo. Mr. Ryan and Andrews had an attack, but were considered out of danger. These gentlemen had purchased a light wagon, with the expectation of returning. The other members of the company were all in good health.

VERY LATE FROM RIO JANEIRO.

Quick Trip—Disturbance with Americans.

The barque Isabella Hyne, at New York, brings dates from Rio Janeiro to April 28th. She made the passage out from New York and back, taking in cargo at Rio, in 79 days and 21 hours—which is believed to be the shortest voyage ever accomplished.

She brings Intelligence of the arrival at Rio of seventeen California bound American vessels, from 21st to 24th April—including barque John Potter, Watts, from Baltimore, arrived April 23d, and barque Kirkland, Phillips from Baltimore, arrived 21st. The Kirkland sailed again on 27th April—and 11 others had also sailed.

On the 22d of April, on her outward passage, the Isabella exchanged signals off Cape Frio with the United States sloop-of-war Lexington, bound to New York: it was reported at Rio Janeiro that she had on board $350,000.

The Tribune translates from Rio papers the following account of a serious affray at Santa Catharina, south of Rio, between a number of Americans and some natives:

"Eight American vessels, on their way to California with from 700 to 800 passengers on board have touched here. On Sunday, the 15th, a number of them, while on shore, committed some disorders. The natives, who had shown hostility towards them from the day of their landing collected in groups, armed themselves and attacked the disorderly characters. These also took arms; a fight then occurred, in which one American was killed and four severely wounded, as well as about the same number of natives.

"The disorder had hardly commenced, when the President ordered out the whole police force, the infantry and the National Guard. Pursued with loss the Americans took refuge in a hotel and there continued to fight. The armed force surrounded the hotel, which next day surrendered at the command of the authorities.

"The examination which was held terminated without being able to prove upon any one that he originated the disorder, nor that, on both sides, any one had alone more than defend himself. In the Provisional Assembly there is much declamation against the President, accusing him of having taken violent and illegal means against the Americans. Happily, quiet has returned, the city has become tranqu